

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

Volume 10, Issue 5, 2013

Vendors pay 50 cents



**Vendor Peter Gladue –
story on page 12**

Photo of Peter Gladue by Eric Rice

10 Years on the Street!



The Way of the Cross

The Way of the Cross is an annual Good Friday prayer walk through Edmonton's inner city. About 1000 people came out on Friday, March 29 for the 33rd annual walk. This year the theme was "Who is my neighbour?" Reflections were offered at Hope Mission, ASSIST Community Services, Operation Friendship, McCauley School, Boyle-McCauley Health-Centre and Ambrose Place. In addition to the walk, a small history book that tells that story has been published.

Photo 1: Bob McKeon, long time community builder in McCauley presents at Boyle McCauley Health Centre. Bob was one people who organized the first Way of the Cross walk.

Photo 2- Faye Dewar presents at Ambrose Place

Photos by Jim Gurnett

Alberta Street News vendor Anthony LaRue sells outside the courthouse

Anthony says, "I was born in Edmonton, in 1953 and lived in St. Paul, Alberta. My Auntie Blanche took care of me because my mom was diabetic and had problems. She passed away from pneumonia when she was 83 years old.

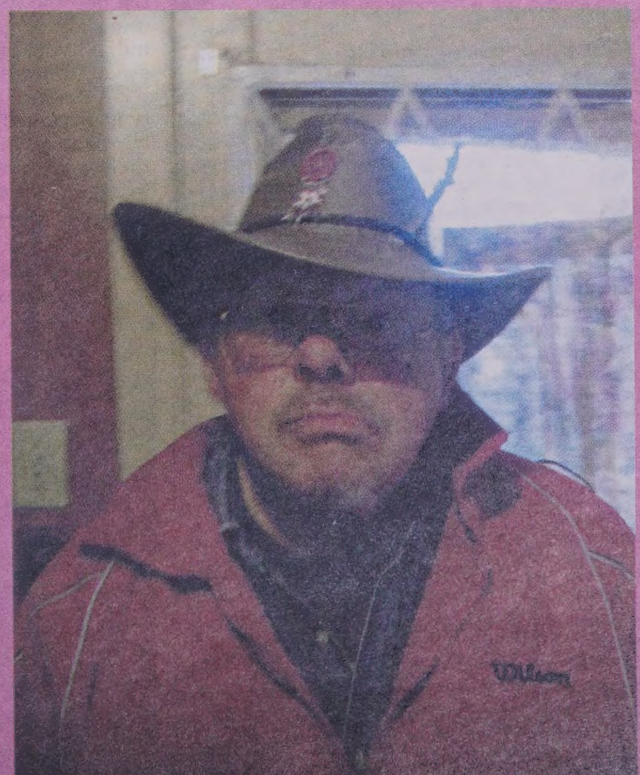
"I started doing papers when a fellow gave me three papers – the Spare Change out of Vancouver. I went out and made \$60. I didn't have a home – I was living out of my car at the time. I sold Our Voice for a few years, and these (Alberta Street News) for about ten years. This Saturday noon I start working at Starbucks for \$10.50 an hour. I'm buying a car from a guy for \$500. I have to get my drivers' license and insurance"

Anthony sells papers across the street from the court house. He lives near Londonderry and buses to work, where he starts selling at 9 a.m. When he was younger he

was working in construction doing carpentry, and he has been certified in carpentry since 1983, but he says at nearly 60 he's too old to do that anymore. He has also worked for temp agencies. One job he had was working in Hinton for \$22 an hour for a month doing asbestos removal and cleaning up toxic waste. He had another job in Fort McMurray working for Syncrude doing safety for guys working in the tank. He had to wear a respirator for that job.

Anthony has some ideas for the paper. He said, "We should have a Sunshine Girl in our magazine. Find some university girl or something." He also said we should get it printed in Brail so blind people can read it.

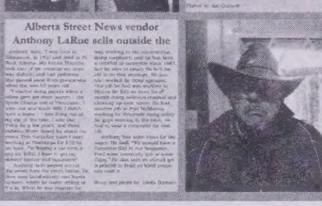
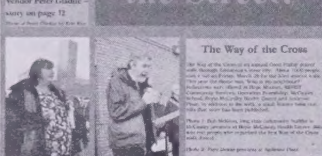
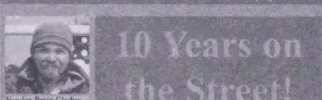
Story and photo by Linda Dumont



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Alberta Street News
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Alberta Street News is an independent publication produced by volunteers and sold by vendors on the street.

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The deadline for advertisements and submissions for the next issue is May 15th. Call Linda at 780-428-0805

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Mission

Edmonton Street News Society provides a voice, employment and social support to those who need these, and communicates perspectives dealing with poverty and social justice, by education and communication activities, including publishing a street newspaper

Values/Beliefs/Guiding Principles

We believe in being inclusive and encouraging
We believe that human rights are fundamental to living together
We believe that everyone deserves the opportunity to earn and control their money
We believe in journalistic and organizational professionalism and integrity
We believe the public needs to know about issues around poverty and social justice
We value community and connecting with others
We value passion and determination
We believe everyone deserves the opportunity to learn, develop and use communication skills

The views presented in this publication are those of the writers.

We're planning a celebration; please join us

The Edmonton Street News Society (ESNS) will celebrate its tenth anniversary with the November 2013 edition of Alberta Street News. ESNS started publishing the Edmonton Street News in November 2003. In January 2012, the name of the paper was changed to Alberta Street News, recognizing the fact that ESNS had expanded its distribution and coverage to include Calgary, after that city's Street Talk newspaper stopped publishing in July 2010.

Like all street newspapers, Alberta Street News exists to give a voice and opportunities to earn supplementary income to citizens who are marginalized by poverty, homelessness, disabilities and other challenges.

Robert Champion, a former Street Talk vendor, now an Alberta Street News vendor, distribution co-ordinator and regular contributor in Calgary, describes the value, at the street level, of having a street newspaper. In a story about the demise of Street Talk from the University of Calgary's The Gauntlet student newspaper, Champion said, "It gives me a chance to interact with people, meet new people, be my own boss and a chance to write."

(<http://www.thegauntlet.ca/story/street-talk-stops-talking-2010-07-29>). Those are modest and humble goals, to be sure, but we believe they are worthwhile to strive for and rewarding to achieve.

Linda Dumont, founder and the managing editor of the Street News had something like Champion's words in mind from the beginning. A veteran of the street newspaper scene as a writer and volunteer for an earlier publication, known first as Edmonton Spare Change, then as Our Voice, Dumont saw that a community of marginalized citizens and neighbours was being overlooked. She believed there was room—and need—for more than one media voice for Edmonton's poor and homeless. Ten years later, Alberta Street News is the only street newspaper in Alberta. Linda and we who support her share pride in that achievement and her desire to ensure the paper's continued survival.

It's a sad but inescapable fact that, as the majority of Albertans enjoy unprecedented wealth and prosperity; a significant minority do not have access—often for reasons beyond their control—to opportunities that the majority take for granted.

It sometimes seems that the more we have, the less we are willing to share. When material things and possessions, and abstract ideas and entities (like progress, development, the market, the economy, none of which has any real meaning for most of us) become more important—and more important to protect and maintain—than individuals, families and communities, we are all diminished.

A healthy and strong community or society is greater than the sum of its parts; a sickly, weak community or society is less than the sum of its parts. More and more we are being asked to accept the notion that the way

to improve the health and strength of communities and societies is to cast out—by neglect, institutionalization, criminalization, incarceration and other forms of marginalization—their sickest and weakest members. I do not accept that proposition, and neither does Alberta Street News.

I volunteered with Edmonton Street News because I felt, after reading an early issue, that it was focusing on important things—individuals, families, neighbourhoods, and communities—at the most basic and necessary level. Linda Dumont made room for me and my often rarefied and conceptual musings, but she always had more room for direct input from the marginalized citizens of our community.

I also appreciated the fact that the content and design of the paper had an inherent honesty, a rough-and-ready rawness that reflected its constituency, without looking down on or candy-coating it. The paper exists today largely because of Dumont's personal integrity and commitment and the way she respects the people she serves.

But a serious question remains: How much longer can Alberta Street News exist as it does now? With an occasional rare exception, everyone who produces the paper, including Dumont, is a volunteer. That is the main reason it has survived. It is also, we know, the main reason why it cannot grow and work toward a viable succession strategy to ensure that there will be an Alberta Street News on the streets of Alberta's cities ten years from now.

Between now and November, Alberta Street News will assess its options for the future by looking back at archival highlights and forward toward new challenges, new opportunities, and new interactions with its communities.

We cannot and should not undertake that task alone. We need the support and engagement of everyone who knows and cares about Alberta Street News and the communities it serves.

Please join us in our explorations. Start by sending us your thoughts and reflections on past encounters with Edmonton/Alberta Street News, its contributors and its vendors. But don't stop there. Share your thoughts about where we might go in the next ten years and how we might get there.

Too often today, the people who speak loudest are the ones who, as the saying goes, know the cost of everything and the value of nothing. Alberta Street News is about the value of things. It is about the values that sustain communities and societies and make them healthier and stronger for everyone.

Alberta Street News is about you and me. It's about us. All of us. Edmontonians. Calgarians. Albertans. Canadians. Citizens of an increasingly interdependent world. Help us explore ways to ensure that everyone in our society is respected, heard, and supported for the common humanity we all share.

Allan Sheppard

Edmonton Street News Society

(Alberta Street News)

Annual General Meeting



Sunday, May 5, 2013 at 1:30pm
At the Strathcona Library

If you are interested in joining the board of ESNS please send a brief resume to dumontlc@hotmail.com

Door prize

Snacks will be served.

Everyone welcome

More than 200 vendors have sold Alberta (Edmonton) Street news over our ten year history



Vendor Bill Cunningham takes a break from selling papers. Photo by John Zapantis

Our vendors are survivors. They are out there selling papers because it provides them with employment when other avenues of employment are not possible. As a self employed entrepreneur, working as a street newspaper vendor gives the person freedom to work only a few hours a week as health and life challenges permit, or to work full time. Over the past ten years, more than 200 people have signed on to become vendors selling Edmonton Street News (since 2012, Alberta Street News).

Many of the ones who signed up tried selling briefly, then quit vending because they became discouraged with lack of sales, or they simply did not feel comfortable out vending on the street. Others started selling,

then stopped when circumstances changed, sometimes vending in periods between other employment. We lost a half dozen vendors when the AISH rates increased to \$1,490 a month in April 2012. Some of the people who signed up have health problems, living with mental or physical disability, or addictions so had to quit working or work periodically. Some are now in jail, or have gone to jail for a period of time. Some moved from Edmonton. Others passed away. There are some vendors, who simply quit buying papers, and we do not know their current situation. Some died directly or indirectly due to homelessness, from pneumonia or other illness due to exposure, or as victims of violence.

As our anniversary approaches, we remember those who died: To date there have been more than 30 that I know about. Due to a computer crash seven years ago, some of our files were lost, so if you know of a vendor who has passed away that we have not listed, let us know.

It is important for us to celebrate the lives of those who are out there selling papers as well as to remember those who have passed on. If we fail to do what we can today, tomorrow may be too late.

We remember: Aaron Bishop, Allionysius Chief, Alvin Volrath, Sandra Cardinal, Dino (Dean Anderson), Don Woolridge, Dale Delorme, 'Popeye' Shaw, Glen Dumont, Marlene Trottier, Peter Van Eck, Len Martial, Wendy Gladue, Willy Antoine, Brenda Redstar, 'Patches' Cliff Moreland, Donald

Fraser, Cino Bernard, Sam Bernard, Dolly, Lucine Didzena, Loraine Swan, Linda Koester, Phyllis Pisquayak, Victor Robillard, Thomas Robillard, Bearclaw, Ms.Beamish, June, 'Monley'Kenny Gambler.

It means so much for a vendor to have his or her picture or story in the paper. The issue when Patches was on the cover, he brought a copy of the paper to the House of Refuge Mission for all of his friends to sign! I remember so many others as well. I spent the night sleeping out in a back alley with Brenda Redstar, and woke up feeling all stiff and aching from the hard cement, and she did that every night while she was homeless! Her story was in the next issue, and she died the following month of pneumonia. Peter Van Eck was featured on a cover as a victim of violence by Edmonton City Police. I attended the hearing, and the next month, he, too, was gone, murdered while homeless in a park. I still have the pocket watch given to me by Dino, one with a train on it that he got from his grandfather who was a railroad man. The week before he died he spent a few nights with my late husband, Glen, and me. Popeye used to say he was going to work when he came to pick up his papers in the morning. He was proud of his job. June walked around pushing her cart with a big Winnie the Pooh in it. I took a photo of her and her man on a really cold winter day. It was a cover photo for Edmonton Street News, and the next month, she died sleeping outside, having been released from the hospital the same afternoon.

The memories could go on. I have so many photos. I have received so many small gifts like the jean jacket Diane Wood gave me. I have walked side by side with some of the vendors as we sold papers, and their courage and survival skills are impressive. We may not always agree with one another, but we are a community.

Knowing how much selling papers means to the vendor, we hesitate to take that opportunity away from those who have problems interacting with the public. We are all about second and third chance when there is nowhere else to turn to for a job.

If you have a story you would like to share about how your interaction with our vendors has made an impact on your life, share your story. By Linda Dumont

Tell me a story



Carrielynn Lund

The researchers have two objectives. One is to provide some depth to the understanding of what it is like to live on the street, to make it clear that homeless people living on the street are indeed, someone's brother, or daughter, to whom life has dealt a different set of cards. Each is an individual person, with a unique story and experiences, and not part of a target population, or even a population at all. The second objective is to use the stories to guide the agencies and policy-makers in designing more appropriate services, based on the experience of the people who use them.

If you would like to help us with this project by sharing your story, please contact Linda Dumont at Alberta Street News, 780 428-0805. Linda is part of the team conducting this study, along with several street people, Carrielynn Lund, John Whittaker, and Nancy Gibson.

Ending homelessness can only be successful if it is based upon a deeper understanding of the people we are trying to serve. Those who are homeless must be engaged in the process.

The stories will provide a base from which current social programs can be examined. We have social programs, housing programs, shelters, AISH, welfare and still people are on the streets. The Edmonton Police report taking 30,000 to 40,000 calls per year for the mentally ill, addicted or homeless. The stories will help care providers and agencies to understand how and why they could modify their programs to better address the needs of the individuals. "It is from individual stories that we learn," says anthropologist Dr. Gibson, "as they provide a richness and depth to an outsider understanding of life on the streets."

The project is one of five Community Research Projects approved by Homeward Trust Edmonton as part of their continuing effort in generating community based research in key priority areas related to homelessness issues. By John Whittaker

Tales of survival have always been part of a people's history. To survive on the streets requires strength, resourcefulness and courage—and these skills are rarely recognized.

In this research project, funded by Homeward Trust, we will be working with people who are or have been experiencing homelessness to gather their stories. These stories will be retold in Edmonton Street News, with the consent of the story teller. Some people may choose to have their own names used with their stories, others may prefer to be anonymous.

The project will provide homeless people who have been or are living on the streets with an opportunity to describe their own reality; to help outsiders understand how they make their choices. It is a chance to "tell it like it is."

This summer, a small team of researchers led by Carrielynn Lund will seek to collect and record the life stories of ten people who have lived "rough" on the streets of Edmonton for five or more years. These people will be over 40, and will have experience with various social service and community programs. The story tellers will be those people who are currently defined as the "hard core" homeless.

Letter to the editor

Hello, My name is Allan. About an hour ago I picked up a copy of the Alberta Street News. I saw Harvey (who wrote an excellent piece) on Whyte Ave and I thought; "Great, this is the type of thing I like to support - programs that enable people to help themselves." So, I was very surprised to open it and read a bunch of left-wing political pandering by Allan Sheppard. That is not the type of thing I like to support. Ranting about conservatives and the Prime Minister is about as far away from the "street" as you can get. This isolates a large number of people whom would like to help out; and in Alberta, I would even go so far to say it isolates the majority of people that want to help out. In my opinion, it would be best if your paper was A-political. I will still give money to street performers, and basically anyone who does something - anything to earn my dollar, but I will no longer be purchasing this paper.

Thanks
Allan

P.S - Appealing to solutions will always be better than appealing to sympathies.

Note from the designer: couldn't resist! Asking a street newspaper to be apolitical is like asking a tiger to be vegan, isn't in the nature of the beast. That's why we volunteer, there is sure no grant money available to criticize the Government. by Theresa McBryan

Evaluating Society

It never ceases to amaze me how the provincial government chooses to deal with its periodic, predictable and, ultimately, preventable financial messes. Because of their subscription to an outdated and failing ideology, the government always seems to see its deficits as a revenue problem, rather than considering the income portion of public sector financing. As a result, they cut funding to much needed programs and services instead of ensuring that all Albertans benefit from a more thoughtful and planned stewardship of our collective resources - in good times and bad.

Many governments that are fortunate enough to benefit from resource royalty revenues see these revenues as a "bonus" that can be used either for one-time funding of infrastructure or saved for a future time when resource revenues run out. They are not used to fund basic government services that require a reliable, stable source of revenues. This is the Norwegian model. In fact, the Norwegian Sovereign Wealth Fund has \$710 billion in it (and grew by 13.4% last year) and Norway is a model of fiscal health. It has no deficit, no debt. Moreover, the government services it provides are of the highest international standards. As a result, Norway has one of the most egalitarian societies and prosperous economies in the world.

By comparison, Alberta has chosen to use its resource revenues to sock a paltry \$16 billion into the Heritage Trust and to basically eliminate corporate tax, institute a 10% flat income tax and doggedly refuse to consider any sort of sales tax. As a result, basic services are paid for by inherently unpredictable resource royalty revenues. Accordingly, when these revenues inevitably drop, there is a call for cuts to government spending.

And, as history and this recent budget continue to show us, the cuts are generally targeted at the most marginalized in our province. The retrenchment of the Klein-Dinning regime offers ample proof of that. Now the recent budget suggested that there would be increased support to the Persons with Developmental Disabilities (PDD) program budget. However, at the same time as that general thrust, effective July 1, 2013, there will be actual cuts to the Community Access Program of PDD which supports day programming for 10,200 PDD clients. This program helps support greater social inclusion and community participation, and is a significant quality of life issue. It is also reflective of the need for all people to be able to participate as fully in their community as possible, and avoid the negative consequences of institutionalization and isolation. Overall, some \$42 million will be cut from the program.

In the context of an overall provincial budget of \$38 billion, \$42 million doesn't seem much. And this amount could easily be recovered from other sources, as suggested in a report authored by the Parkland Institute. But for people with developmental disabilities and their families, the impact of the \$42 million cut is catastrophic. As noted by the Alberta Council of Disability Services (ACDS), "it is alarming that for the sake of 1% of the Human Services budget, thousands of these vulnerable people will be left without supports".

I was talking to a friend with an adult son supported by the program, and he suggested that the program would be essentially cut in half. As a result, his son will have to spend more time at home and less time in the community. Or, and this is perhaps where the provincial government is placing its hopes, he suggested that families will pick up the slack and either pay privately for more community involvement or facilitate that work themselves. Either way it will be a



greater strain on families already dealing with significant financial, emotional and logistical struggles.

My friend did note that the cuts would not be applied in a uniform manner. He suggested that the cuts would be targeted at so-called "higher functioning individuals" involved with the program. This particular determination will be achieved through the use of the results of the "Supports Intensity Scale". However, according to an expert in the field of both disabilities and psychosocial measurement, this scale was developed to support "programming not financial decisions".

Following from this targeting, some have suggested that this is an attempt to support people to get jobs, rather than rely solely on government supports and programs. Once again, as an example of an outdated and failing ideology, the motif of "get a job" has been frequently offered as social policy response by our provincial government. However, it does not require too much thought to understand how ludicrous this response is, particularly in reference to people supported by the PDD programs and, usually, AISH. As my friend said, in terms of finding a job, "good luck!" Sure, jobs certainly help in terms of community integration and, sometimes, funds to expand one's choices and quality of life. But would these jobs be economically viable? Probably not given the current struc-

ture of our economy. Or would they be simply a way to offload governmental responsibility? "Get a job" will not work and to suggest that it will be offensive, ineffective and dangerous.

So we get back to the issue of people being given less opportunities for authentic community participation. As noted by the ACDS "If these programs are cut, the individuals we serve will slip back into the shadows, living lives of isolation and segregation". People will spend more time at home. Families will face increasing burdens. And little glimpses of joy will be unnecessarily thrown away. This is an avoidable tragedy. Therefore, the decision to make cuts to PDD is not acceptable, and we all need to challenge the provincial government on this ill-conceived and poorly timed directive.

It is frequently said that a measure of a society is how it treats its most vulnerable members. By that standard, this decision is deplorable. We should be offering more not less - we should make our policy options based on a solid foundation of predictable government revenues and a preferential option for the marginalized rather than subjective economic measures. Overall, we need policy that is grounded in progress, dignity and inclusion. If we do that, maybe we can be a more worthy society.

Timothy Wild

Ask your Auntie

Growing up poor and Aboriginal

Ask your Auntie is an occasional ASN feature that offers Aboriginal women's wisdom and insights from a variety of perspectives.

In Aboriginal communities, respected senior and elder women are called aunties. The Aboriginal Women's Professional Association periodically sponsors Ask Your Auntie events in which audiences are invited to learn about Aboriginal culture by asking questions of a panel of aunties, who give answers based on their personal experiences.

This month's Ask Your Auntie is part of a series adapted from a fall 2012 Dream Catcher conference presentation at Grant MacEwan University in Edmonton. The moderator was Monique Bulmer, with Sharon Morin, Darlene Marchuk, and Kathleen Sawdo participating as aunties.

A question about bullying led the aunties to recall and reflect on the challenges they faced in childhood and their strategies for dealing with them.

Kathleen: I was in the child welfare system, and that was not good at all for me. It was a very bad experience, in fact. I think things have changed quite a bit. It's 30-plus years ago that I was in the child welfare system.

It was a white family, so I wasn't raised with my culture. But I had very strong grandparents, who insisted on maintaining contact with me. They took me when they weren't supposed to, several times, and that was kind of fun and exciting. So I held that connection to family, and maintained it.

I was a typical little Indian kid; hair cut straight, and short. It was challenging going to school and being the dark kid, being made fun of—name calling. There was a lot of shame, even from the teachers.

Both my parents were alcoholics. They had issues with alcohol, or drugs, or gambling. Unfortunately, that's common: another challenge growing up. And domestic violence, I hate to say it, but it was just the common thing that happens.

I also had a lot of good things. I learned to appreciate what I have. I had to fight at an early age and go for what I wanted. All these things, they sound awful, but I would not be the person I am today, had I not experienced that, and survived that, and been able to move forward. It taught me part of how I parent now: I know what not to do. And I know to find my balance and not always think of things in a bad way.

Darlene: My dad killed himself when I was two-and-a-half, and left my mother to raise four girls by herself. We were raised in poverty. To this day, I detest pasta, because we ate so much dry macaroni. It took me forever to eat a bowl of porridge again, because we'd eat plain porridge, no milk, no sugar.

We were called fleabags at school. School was challenging.

Then I had a child, when I was 15. That was challenging.

But I agree; what I experienced in my life made me what I am today. I survived. I'm able to relate to people that experience the same challenges. I can't say I know what they're going to experience, but I can relate to what they are experiencing.

I believe everything that's been challenging in my life has made me a stronger person. Even today, if negative things happen, I go, what can I learn from this, because it's a learning situation that's presenting itself to me.

There are still challenges. But when I look at my growing-up days, what I go through today, they're not those big challenges. I don't believe anything is ever given to us that we can't handle.

Another challenge I faced, I was made fun

of because I was an honour student. I let my grades slip to fit in with the cool kids. I picked up cigarettes. I picked up a drink. I picked up a joint, because I wanted to fit in.

I have a lot to be grateful for today, because of the obstacles I faced in my past. And I'm grateful for the things I went through, for what I did. My mother loved us dearly, but we had religion forced on us. So today I know the difference between religion and spirituality. I know what's forced and what I accept, how smooth life can be. And I loved my mom dearly.

My mom passed away suddenly, killed on the highway coming home from work. I was living with her and in a second marriage. I didn't grieve her death; I drank my way through it. It took me four or five years after she passed away to go through the grieving process. I was held prisoner in that process for a lot of years. We didn't talk about feelings in my era, feelings were suppressed.

I grew up without culture, because of all the stereotyping, marginalization and everything that was negative with being part

A question about bullying led the aunties to recall and reflect on the challenges they faced in childhood and their strategies for dealing with them.

Aboriginal. I didn't want to be associated with that, so I used my Polish name and lived in a Polish world. Now I appreciate my culture and I respect it, today. I'm learning a lot through AWP, I've met a lot of beautiful ladies who are always presenting and teaching.

So all the struggles and all the challenges, as hard as some of them have been, were worth it, to be where I am today, sitting right here.



Ask Your Auntie panel, Dream Catcher Conference, Grant MacEwan University, fall 2012. Left to right: Kathleen Sawdo, Darlene Marchuk, Sharon Morin, Monique Bulmer.

Ask Your Auntie panel bios

Sharon Morin is the lead programmer at the Musée Heritage Museum, and a founding member of the Michif Cultural and Métis Resource Institute, both in St. Albert.

Darlene Marchuk shares Cree and Polish ancestry. Five years ago, she returned to her studies, after being away from the classroom for 26 years. She has a degree in social work, and she has regained her culture through native studies.

Kathleen Sawdo is Anishinabe, from the Bear Clan of Lac Des Milles Lacs First Nation, in Northern Ontario. She is a graduate of U of A and Grant MacEwan. Kathleen sits on many boards, past AWP board member, the Aboriginal Human Resource Council, and Young Indigenous Professionals.

Sharon: The challenge, I guess, for me, was when mother was, and still is, well-known in the community. I was never brown enough, and I was never white enough. My family is varied in colour. We were considered the black sheep of her family, because she identified and identifies with the culture. Her mother, my grandmother, was a white woman and married my Métis grandfather, but didn't necessarily embrace the brownness; I guess you could put it in that sense.

Maybe 15, 20 years ago I just started think, what does colour mean? It doesn't mean anything. My mom always used to say, it's OK, you can have your blue eyes; it's all right. But I really had to work on that. That's been my biggest challenge in life, being comfortable within my own skin, and practicing what my adopted aunties and my mom used to say 'otipemisiwak', you're your own boss in Cree, and be comfortable with that.

Transcribed, condensed and edited by
Allan Sheppard

EARN MONEY

SELL ALLBERTA STREET NEWS

To sign up as a vendor call Linda at 780-428-0805 or stop by the office between 9 and 11 a.m. at 9533-106A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T5H 0S9

Part Two

Two Alberta Street News vendor boxes will be serving Morinville customers starting June 1st



NAIT's Patricia Campus 1st year apprentice painting and decorating students and their instructors helped to paint two Alberta Street News vendor boxes that now just need the letters Alberta Street News placed on them. Left to right are students, Bryant Hermanson, Roger Mitander, Dejan Crnkovic, Donat Carnegie, Freeman Ochiese, paint instructor Vernon Ball, paint instructor Andy Weaver, and the following students: Ed Miller, Jackie Nolin, Tony Bencio, Carolyn Collins and Duylan Lacoursiere. Photo by John Zapantis

I listened to the helpful advice of a wonderful couple, who purchased the paper, Danny and Linda Getzlaf, who influenced me to leave my former corner as a vendor on 100 street and 100 avenue in Morinville on November 21, 2012 to shift over to that town's busy mall at Westmor Landing where my sales were a lot more promising. I established 60 customers, writing the names of repeat clients into a black log book. That told me that there would be enough sales to accommodate two vendor boxes each with 30 papers for all of my regular customers, placed on two street corners in Morinville. This encouraged me to phone the Edmonton Journal's Operations Manager Gerry Raypold in January 2013 to tell him about the purpose of the Alberta Street News and that I had enough repeat customers, whom I felt could benefit from the convenient services of two newspaper vendor boxes if he would kindly donate two Edmonton Journal vendor boxes. I told him I'd be pleased and honoured to write a story about the Journal's generosity in donating them to me and thanking them for making my dream a reality. That would save me the worry and wear and tear of always having to use my car to drive ten miles to Morinville and back each day to sell papers. It gave me relief to know that my new 2012 Toyota Corolla CE could last me for another 15 to 20 years of solid driving. With the two vending boxes in Morinville, all I'll have to do is drive out there once a month to unload and reload the Alberta Street News newspapers. The sales made at those two vendor boxes would help to cover some of the print cost of paper's publication each month and give me some income.

After having had that 10 minute discussion with Edmonton Journal's Gerry Raypold he was impressed with my idea and in favour of donating two Edmonton Journal vendor boxes to me, for future installation in the Town of Morinville. He also suggested that I wait to hear from him so that he could have two Edmonton Journal vendor boxes ready to be picked up from the Journal's Eastgate plant and donated to me.

I later received a letter of reply from the Edmonton Gerry Raypold.

Hi John

I have one of our team members that will prepare two Journal vending boxes for you. Points to note:

The Journal will provide two boxes with working mechs, free of charge. The boxes will be in working order and mechanisms set to vend at \$2.00. The Journal's logos will have to be removed, before you put them out on the street.

This will be your responsibility and a strict requirement.

The mechanisms should run 5 to 6 years, before a battery replacement will be required. The boxes should be ready for you to pick up at our Eastgate plant 9301-49 street in Edmonton on Wednesday, February 13th.

Please advise me on how you are planning to do this as I must communicate specifics to our plant staff.

Regards

Gerry Raypold, Operations Manager/Reader Sales and Services

A few weeks after the letter that confirmed the Journal was going to have those mechs adjusted and then the boxes ready for pickup, I contacted an old friend from Edmonton's Italian Bakery store, employee Joe Antonucci, asking him and the bakery if they could donate a little of their time to help me pick up the vendor boxes from the Edmonton Journal's Eastgate plant and haul those boxes by truck to my relative's garage in Edmonton. Without any hesitation, Joe Antonucci referred me to Store Manager Frank Devenz, who agreed to my request. Two weeks later those Edmonton Journal boxes, were picked up and loaded onto Frank's pickup truck with the help of the Journal's Security Supervisor, Jerry Wolaniuk.

The boxes were then driven to one of my relative's garage.

I had phoned around to see where I could get a fair estimate to have those two vendor boxes painted.

My editor Linda Dumont and I had discussed my selection of colours for the Alberta Street News vendor boxes. She agreed with me that a yellow back drop with a light blue or navy blue block lettering

would be a wonderful distinctive trademark colour combination for our paper's new vendor boxes. I phoned one private painter whom I found in the Yellow Pages and he gave me his estimate for a two colour combination. After hearing about his inflated estimate, my head felt like it was ready to go through the roof. His estimate was a sky rocketing \$350.00. I told him I'd think about his offer and call him back later.

That was a good way to back down from an exorbitant offer without added confrontation . . . and I never called him back either!

Then it dawned on me. I once heard about the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology (NAIT) and its many trade students donating their time for class orientation in doing trades services for various social organizations such as the Boy Scouts of Canada. I phoned NAIT Associate Dean of Trades Malcolm Haines, asking him if his painting and decorating students would be willing to take on the task of painting and decorating two old Edmonton Journal vendor boxes, which included stripping off the decals, painting the boxes, with a yellow backdrop and applying light blue or navy blue block lettering for the words Alberta Street News on the boxes.

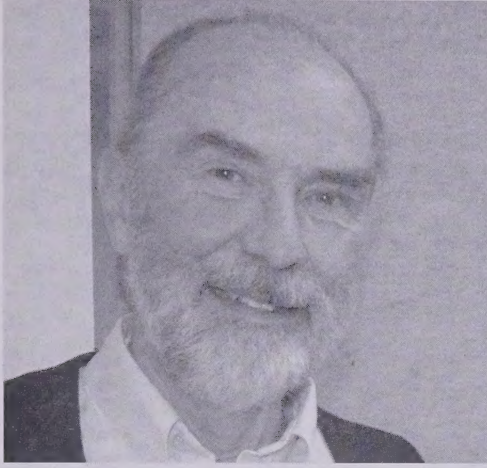
Malcolm Haines told me that I could drop the boxes off anytime, leaving them with work instructions taped to the boxes with one of their technicians, who would meet me at the head office at NAIT's Patricia Campus located in West Edmonton.

As I write this article, the two boxes will again be taken from my relative's garage and picked up by the Italian Bakery's Frank Devenz, who will then deliver them to NAIT's painting and decorating students. When the boxes are completed, they will then again be picked up by Frank Devenz, who will drive the boxes back to my relative's garage, where they will sit idle until they are ready to be picked up for the last time and finally dropped off for their official opening dates.

The future date for installation of those two vendor boxes for the Town of Morinville will be confirmed in the June issue of Alberta Street News so watch for dates and

continued on page 7

First People and Settlers: Living Together



Many Canadians have found new awareness of the complex relationships between indigenous people in Canada and those who have come more recently because of the often highly-visible activities of the Idle No More (INM) movement in the past few months.

On a weekend afternoon in March, Lewis Cardinal shared thoughts at Expressionz Cafe on a wide range of the issues that have been entering broader consideration.

"For indigenous people, Canada is a verb, not a noun," he began. "It is about relationships of all sorts, with a sense of the sacredness of all at the heart of every relationship. The very name 'Kanata' from which we get 'Canada' means 'to come together' in a way that maintains the identity of all parties."

Cardinal credits INM with calling everyone to remember this central place of relationships. "The treaties are not about indigenous people surrendering, but about agreements to prevent conflicts as everyone moves forward in respectful relationship," he explained.

Cardinal's key message is that we have an opportunity now with the new interest in understanding indigenous people as part of Canada. "Let's work together," he affirmed.

Referring to an indigenous proverb,

Cardinal paid tribute to the significant role of women in INM. "A nation is never truly defeated until the hearts of its women are broken, no matter how strong the warriors," he explained.

Cardinal traced problems in relationships back at least as far as the beginning of the residential schools, which he calls a "genocidal assault on culture and identity." He describes the creation of the Indian Act as another dangerous step. "This legislation is an apartheid document, not in the spirit of the treaties." Cardinal said in the 1930s the German Nazis studied Canada's Indian Act as a model for legislation.

More recently, omnibus budget bills by the current Conservative government are also filled with dangers. He says one major concern is the power a cabinet minister will have over land, that can involve leasing and selling without consultation with First People. "This opens the door to private ownership, and that has worked badly with Metis people." Another concern is the delisting of over two million rivers and lakes from federal environmental protection. Yet another is the requirement that First Nations governments open all their books to the government, even those of businesses operated by First Nations.

Speaking to the conception of many people that indigenous people are given generous funding by the federal government, Cardinal pointed out there is no overall funding formula they can count on to do good fiscal planning, nor generosity in what is given. "Between 1996 and 2006 there was a 45 percent population increase in First Nations numbers, but only a 22 percent increase in funding. This makes expensive programs like affordable housing impossible." Cardinal also explained schools on reserves are funded at a much lower level than the funding of provinces to their schools and that health services get about half what provincial funding is.

The underfunding is an evidence of "assimilation hangover" according to Cardinal, explaining there is still a view by

many that indigenous people should fit in and become part of a dominant culture rather than seek to maintain their own culture and organizations. Assimilationist moves such as the residential schools did serious damage to indigenous people. "The traditional importance of women in all aspects of our life has been lost to many young men because women were removed from many roles and made the property of men, as European culture was imposed."

Cardinal also said there are new challenges because many indigenous people are now urban and not living on reserves. "We need to create places in the cities for culture and identify," he said. In Edmonton there is work underway to develop such a space in the river valley. Cardinal also says Edmonton can be proud of the Urban Aboriginal Accord and having the first Aboriginal relations office as part of the City structure. He describes these as benchmarks in North America.

Cardinal says another challenge is the large number of children being taken into government custody. "Kinship care is a good way to avoid this, but it only works if there are resources for training and support of those who become involved. When we don't support this approach to succeed we will end up spending much more after to address the problems that arise. It makes no sense," he said.

Cardinal is active in promoting the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of Indigenous People as a framework for relationships. He is proud of his work with the Alberta NDP to have this adopted as a policy and describes it as much better than the "carrot and stick" approach of the federal Kelowna Accord of a few years ago. Cardinal is also kept busy with work as executive vice-president of Aboriginal Voices Radio network, president of the Indigenous Media Institute of Canada, and a trustee on the Council for the Parliament of the World's Religions.

By Jim Gurnett

Vendor Boxes

continued from page 6

locations in Morinville.

One of the Alberta Street News vendor boxes will be installed on the property of the A&W fast food store, located at 10604-100 avenue in Morinville. The vendor box will be available to serve my customers and other interested new customers beginning the first week of June whenever the paper gets out for distribution.

Ron Fylyshtan, owner/operator of A&W, granted me a written letter for permission to install a new Alberta Street News vendor box on his property for serving our clients. Currently I'm still trying to find a store owner in Morinville who will grant me a written letter of permission to install the second vendor box that needs a home to serve my clients, for its June debut as well. I will keep you posted in a future article as to the store locations where the second Alberta Street News vendor box will be available for serving my customers. The price to buy a monthly paper from these new vendor boxes will be at the fixed rate of \$2.00. The price label on the boxes will read, \$2.00 only, accepts toonies, loonies, quarters, dimes and nickels.

I'll still be vending on that day at my usual location across from Tim Hortons at Westmor Landing where my regular customers always buy from me.

The reason why I'll be choosing to stick around for June and July, will be to get my customers to adapt to the idea of being served by a vendor box instead of a live one like myself! I'll be there, holding only one sample copy of the new issue, and drawing

the attention of my customers to the new vendor box that will be standing ready to serve my clients at the A&W fast food store. There is a possibility we'll probably have another box standing at a new location that I'll also suggest to my clients as a second option. Hopefully by then will have two boxes serving my clients instead of one.

After the month of July ends, I will no longer be standing at my usual corner. The only time you'll see me in Morinville after that is will be during the 1st day of every month, when I drive into town to unload and reload boxes for the new issue. I'll occasionally make exceptions for the odd interview while writing a local story for our newspaper. Keep in mind, I'll still be approachable when spotted for a chat over a coffee or a run down on our paper's progress, or who knows, you might one day be interviewed by me on your personal story in the Town of Morinville.

I'd love to thank the many supportive clients in Morinville, who've shown me what "Real People" are all about! Their compassion and understanding has helped define what I need to really change within me and makes me want to change my attitude towards myself and others. I'll do my best to break down that wall of insecurity and make a courageous effort to reach out to those who could use the advice of a true friend. Morinville, I love you and thanks for your true compassion and inspiration.

I'd also love to extend my sincere thank you to the Edmonton Journal Newspaper and Gerry Raypold, for their selfless time and effort and generous hearts in donating those two vendor boxes for my clients in the Town of Morinville. I'd also like to thank the Italian Bakery's Joe Antonucci and Frank Devenz, for having the tolerance (while toler-

ating me especially!) in helping me to move those two vendor boxes back and forth, from my relative's garage, and other places they had to make stopovers at. A big thank you to A&W fast food store owner, Ron Fylyshtan, for his kind hearted support in spontaneously signing that well appreciated letter of consent in allowing us his property in serving our future clients through the services of our 1st Alberta Street News vendor's box. Also sincere thanks to Edmonton Journal Security Supervisor Jerry Wolaniuk, for his kind hearted effort in helping Frank Devenz load both those vendor boxes onto Frank's pickup truck, when we picked up those boxes from the Edmonton Journal's Eastgate plant to drive them over to my relative's garage. I also thank NAIT Campus and Associate Dean of Trades Malcolm Haines, Andy Weaver and his students for their professionalism in developing our trade mark colours for the two Alberta Street News vendor boxes. There's that lovely couple the Getzlaf's that I owe a ("one small step-one giant leap for mankind") thank you to, for suggesting that special corner to vend at Westmor Landing. That special couple saved my bacon Big Time! Then I'd like to finally thank first my sweetheart, Theresa Walsh Cooke, my father and mother Mario and Emmy Zapantis and my editor, Linda Dumont, for believing in me and this dream in expanding our paper's reach into Morinville and other areas of the province in the future. Without these inspirational human spirits, and other people involved, this dream of mind wouldn't have become a reality to this day. I thank you all.

John Zapantis

Working Together:

Couple who both have disabilities show what relationship and collaboration is about in their latest art show.



If you haven't heard about Project Citizenship yet, you can check out some great stories over at www.projectcitizenship.tumblr.com. The project is a cool social change initiative in Edmonton where people with disabilities, U of A Community Service-Learning students, SKILLS Society Community Support Workers and Nina Haggerty Center For The Arts are working together to document inspiring stories of engaged citizenship. Through the medium of story the project is helping shift focus from negative stereotypes of people with disabilities to the important contributions marginalized persons bring to all our communities. Storytelling was chosen as the key change agent because it was recognized as having the power to shift thinking, inspire and bring about empathy. All of which are important ingredients in making vibrant and truly inclusive communities.

One of the latest of the 30 some stories to emerge is about a couple who both have a disability and make great art. Cheryl and John are full time artists and in their most recent show are sharing what it means to be active citizens through their artwork. Their show was up at Steeps Tea house (12411-Stoney Plain Rd) in the Edmonton Art walk district during the month of March. Their work is colorful and mostly abstract although if you look closely you see hints of concrete imagery of things they love, like pictures of each other and hobbies they engage in. In a video slide show about Cheryl and John that is also displayed alongside their work, there are pictures and text that speak to how John works more concretely and Cheryl abstractly. The video highlights how bringing together concrete and abstract not only makes for interesting art, but also could be a metaphor for what makes vibrant inclusive communities. As a slide in the video says,

"In a similar way to John and Cheryl bringing together opposing Art styles, so too in life do we often experience richness when we look for ways to bring together unique perspectives into a coherent whole."



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One of the common stereotypes I think their show overturns is the perception that people with disabilities making art is just something like doing crafts to keep people busy, but to John and Cheryl, making art is usually a 5 day a week discipline. They spend a large part of their lives in the studio dedicatedly developing their art and now in particular working collaboratively on new pieces. They also sell their work and make

some extra income from it. Cheryl has quite the business sense about her, as she never misses an opportunity to tell you about her art and ask you if you'd like to buy one of their pieces.

Their show started to come together back in the fall of 2012 as a U of A community service-learning student, and some SKILLS Society staff helped Cheryl and John find a venue where their work could be seen more easily in the community. After checking out a few places John and Cheryl felt Steeps was a good fit especially since it was not too far from where they live. The whole process of getting ready for their show, hanging it and having the opening reception has been documented in film and photographs and now some future U of A students will help Cheryl and John to make a little documentary about their Art.

Project citizenship is also learning from Cheryl and John about working together collaboratively. Their show is called Working

Together and highlights their collaboration as artists and a couple, but also sends a deeper message about the importance of every community working together to recognize the unique perspectives of all its members.

Stay tuned for more stories

By Ben Weinlick.

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8th Annual Edmonton Homeless Memorial

A remembrance celebration

Refreshments by Community A at 2:30 p.m.

Friday, May 10 2013
3-4 pm
Homeless Memorial Statue
100 Street and 103A Avenue

Sponsored by the
Edmonton Coalition on Housing and Homelessness (ECHOH)



PETER GOLDRING
Member of Parliament
Edmonton East

SCCU - PASTAGATE

News of over the top linguistic cleansing efforts at the hands of the separatist Quebec government made international headlines in February, involving a Quebec restaurateur, the word pasta, and Quebec's overzealous Language Police.

Although it is shameful that there would be Language Police in any part of Canada, "Pastagate" has become a symbol under which Canadian Unity groups can focus, allowing them to raise awareness on the diminishing nature of Rights and Freedoms by separatists and other legislators.

I spoke in the House of Commons about an event that was very successful in raising awareness of the issue. This function was sponsored in part by the Special Committee for Canadian Unity, SCCU, of which I am a long-time supporter.

Below is the full text of my statement in the House:

On April Fool's Day, pasta lovers will gather at Massimo Leccas' restaurant 'Buonanotte' in Montreal, lampooning Quebec's separatist government and their linguistic cleansing comedy of errors.

Sponsored by the Special Committee for Canadian Unity and PutBackTheFlag.com, this evening of comedy will be held at the Italian Restaurant where Quebec's Language Police ordered the removal of the word "PASTA" from the menu.

Imagine - No Pasta - on an Italian Restaurant Menu!
Throughout the world from Australia to England to, of course, Italy, they regaled at this farce and at the silliness of the separatists.

Welcome to Pastagate!

Join us on the evening of April 1st in Montreal for even more comedic fun as we support the needy; support Canadian Unity; support the Constitution and Charter of Rights and Freedoms; support Linguistic Fairness; and indulge in our love of pasta!"

I believe that it is important to support all Canadians constitutional right to use the language of their choice on business signs and restaurant menus in Montreal, Vancouver or here in Edmonton.

What do you think?

780-495-3261 www.petergoldring.ca



Sunday Computer Club

Come learn and practice basic computer skills in a supportive environment. There will be a new topic of focus each week.

2 p.m. Sundays, April 14 to June 16, 2013
3rd floor training room, Stanley A. Milner Branch
7 Sir Winston Churchill Square.

Week 1: Absolute Basics (April 14)

Week 2: Absolute Basics (April 21)

Week 3: Internet Basics (April 28)

Week 4: Internet Basics (May 5)

Week 5: Emails (May 12)

Week 6: Emails (May 19)

Week 7: Word Processing (May 26)

Week 8: Housing and Job Search (June 2)

Week 9: E-Readers (June 9)

Week 10: iPad (June 16)

Drop In. No registration required
For more information, please call 780-496-1827.

This program is funded by the Safe Communities Innovation Fund.

Overcoming the victim mentality



The day that we were born, we came into this world as wondrous and incredible "divine" beings. I was born "perfectly" exactly as I was; there was no need to change anything about me, except the toxic beliefs and thoughts of my parents that perceived me as a flawed being.

I was totally helpless and dependent on my caregivers. A mother develops a bond with her child and the bond can be so strong that nothing in this world will be able to break this bond. Bonding with her baby will be probably one of the most incredible and most important things that a mother can do for her child. You can begin by holding your baby and thanking God for giving you the opportunity to be the mom of such an incredible and divine "gift".

What a wonderful foundation to provide to a child, when a successful and secure and loving attachment is achieved. The child feels safe, understood and loved, when the mother responds to its cries and accurately interprets its various needs. But then there are those caregivers that are unable to bond with their child for reasons that have to do more with themselves than with the child. Because of this the child is not able to form a loving and trusting relationship with her caregiver and/or other people.

I never felt that my mother bonded with me. One thing I know for sure is that even when I was a toddler she was emotionally absent, which made it very hard for me to feel not only secure but loved. During this period she applied the toxic ways that she had learned from her emotionally absent and almost evil mother. If we fell, we were spanked for not being careful, if we showed fear, we were spanked to do what we feared to do, if we did not like the food or were not hungry, we were tied to the high chair. I remember waking up when my face touched the inside of the bowl. It is hard to believe that I remember being tied in the high chair and waking up in the darkness feeling very frightened. I remember I was wearing a baby knitted sweater that actually describes how young I was. My memories tell my history and describe how fear was a huge part of my tender years.

When I see the pictures of myself, I do not see ugliness, flaws or any reason why I should have been rejected; what I see is a child with fear in her face seeking for someone to protect her. This is not how I was born but through the abuse and emotional abandonment I was "transformed into a helpless, pathetic, pitiful being". I nursed feelings of helplessness, shame, guilt, that I did not belong, isolation, anger, defeat and most importantly, I felt I was worthless and scared of living in such a hostile environment.

As children, we unquestioningly adopted many of the beliefs and emotional patterning of our parents, siblings, friends, and teachers. These core beliefs formed our foundational view of reality and became entrenched in our subconscious. When we just allow ourselves to be defined by what happened to us, "self pity" becomes our character trait. We continue to look at ourselves through the eyes of our parents and adopt their toxic beliefs about us. Because I did not know who I was, I became imprisoned by my fears and the patterns that I got as a legacy from my parents. I was unable to choose the best for myself because I did not feel I deserved it.

My self esteem and self image were very poor. Self pity becomes a way of being and now I know that nursing all those negative feelings about myself was very detrimental to my well being. Unfortunately, I could not change my past but I can learn from it. I wasted many years of my life. Self pity imprisons us. Our whole world shrinks down to the size of our problem; our problem becomes our world. The more we dwell on it the smaller we become and our problems become overwhelming. These feelings become so powerful that they actually take over our thoughts. It cripples us; we truly stop growing emotionally and become imprisoned in a vortex of negative feelings about ourselves.

It took a counsellor to bring to my attention that I was looking at myself through the toxic beliefs of my parents and right away it made so much sense. Physically I actually felt a heavy burden had been taken from me and I decided to find out who I was. As a single mom, I went back to school and things started to change in my life.

Within us lies the deep yearning to know who we really are. From this comes the question, Who am I? This question lies at the root of all searching on our journey toward meaning and purpose of our life. It is of great importance because I learned that our self perception determines how we live our life. The pathway towards healing is not

determined by something that we find outside ourselves. I have learned that it has to do with how we think; our inner process and our self perception and all starts with "me".

Through awareness and learning we must reach the moment where we must challenge everything that our parents or caregivers saw in us that served to defined us because that is not "the truth" of who we are. We must challenge our own core beliefs that have been the result of what our parents believed about us and most importantly we must reclaim our identification as children of God that came to this world with everything that we need to succeed. We are divine gifts that are unaware of our potential. Our job in this world is to try every potential and discover which are our strong gifts and our weak gifts. We must accept ourselves as the incredible beings that we are and adopt the qualities of our creator which are: kindness, compassion, understanding, respect and most of all unconditional love is key. Through all these qualities I have been able to choose to live with hope and faith and with the knowledge that everything is possible. I live in the truth of who I am. I beg you to make the choice to find who you are.

When I become tempted to feel sorry for myself, I remind myself never to reside in the place of self pity as it could become a habit. I choose gratitude instead - gratitude empowers us - self pity is self destructive.

"The Law of Mirrors" states that one can only see what is in them, regardless of if it is what is actually present. We must release the need to allow people to define us by what they say or think about us. My beauty is not what you see or do not see but is part of my truth which is that: I am a gift to the world and I deserve to be treated with dignity and respect just like you and everyone in the world. My worth is not something one can take away unless I choose to allow it to be taken from me. This will never happen again!

Maria B

Rob's Corner



Very humble

I am a very humble and part shy person, for the most. I don't take compliments that well. I'm a very low-key type of person. Don't like drawing too much attention to myself. I get embarrassed, fairly easily, though I do like all the attention I've been getting over the past several months, and I do appreciate it!

People Say

People say "Rob, you are not alone." I try

to remember that day in and day out. In spite of that I still feel alone, especially when I'm at home. They say, "Rob, you are doing a good job, keep it up!" I try to realize that, and appreciate that friends care so much about me! Deep down, I know I'm not ready to go, must be here for a reason.

Life Is so short

Life is so short, too short. We should make the best of it, each and every day: We should value it, cherish it. We shouldn't let material things or money take over our lives. We should put more value on family and friends and a clean environment! Giving is more important than receiving. Greed should not be a part of our lives. We should be a caring and loving society. We should all try to get along; Life is just too short.

Time for a new beginning

Time for a new beginning, a new start, a fresh start. Don't know where this new life will take me, only time will tell. I look forward to all the new challenges ahead. Being single after 35+ years hasn't been easy, but so far so good. Managing to get by. Hope to meet someone someday that I can spend the rest of my life with, someone like Lorna, who always put people first. Someone who loves life, who likes the simple things. Can't say enough about all the good friends out there, who helped me get through some real trying times!

Harvey tells his story



It is March, 2013, four days before St. Patrick's Day – note this was one leprechaun on the loose early this year – I invested in a sparkling green hat and a giant green bow to add some humour while selling Alberta Street News papers. It sure got people's attention along with laughs and smiles aplenty. It made me feel good deep inside to make one and all a special day when I am out selling papers. Now back to the story of my life.

I was on the streets for a good many years of my life, caught up in a world of mainly alcohol along with peer pressure such as the time I first tried a cigarette. At the time I was told if I didn't smoke I was going to be called a square. That it was OK; it was cool. At first it seemed cool but like everything else that was not good for me. Well, I learned the hard way. At the time I figured it made me a real man. I can relate to it in a more realistic fashion years later, like the expense and damage to my body. Today I am working or I should say weaning myself off of cigarettes for good. I am at the point where I am down to three packs a month, sometimes less.

I was with my sister, I will call her Dar,

Rob's Corner

continued

Scary Thoughts

That The Flames won't make the playoffs, or won't get past the third round. That a Canadian team won't be bringing the Stanley Cup back to Canada (anytime soon). That one day I'll get so senile I forget who I am. That one day I'll lose my memories of Lorna. That the list for affordable housing will keep growing. Who will look after me in my senior years? That I'll never know my grand kids. Will I ever find love again? That my daughter Lori doesn't seem to care whether I am alive or dead, or how I am doing.

Many questions – too few answers

Like what am I still doing here? Like why didn't I go instead of her? Like do I fit into this world, do I want to be a part of it? Like how much more of this loneliness can I take before I flip out? Like can I remain strong enough to go on? Like will I have to remain alone for the rest of my life? (kind of looks that way at this point) Like could there be someone out there for me? Not too likely, though anything is possible. Only time will tell.

Rob's last say of the day

Grieving is one of the hardest things to overcome. The pain of losing a loved one is constant and steady. It's part of life; it never seems to go away. When it comes to grief there is no time limit. It totally consumes you, you can barely eat or sleep. It kind of takes a life of its own. It could go on for years and years. Unless you have experienced it, you could never imagine the loneliness and the suffering that one goes through.

Robert Champion

walking down the street and she taps me on the shoulder saying, "Hey, watcha think yer doing, Buster?"

Of courses, I go, "Huh?"

She tells me I am supposed to be walking on the outside of her so I say, "What's the difference?" And she explains to me how back before our time, when there were towns before big cities, a lot of people lived above their stores or bars. Whoever was washing the floors, husband or wife, the mop water was thrown out the window, so the man, walking on the outside, would get sloshed with the mop water. So, ladies, show this story to your man. Anyway, gentlemen don't let your women get sloshed by mop water.

Before cars, trucks and so on became too hard to fix, I did a lot of mechanical work on friend's, family, and of course my own machines. I still like to tinker with something if it needs fixing. I will look it over and if I can fix it, no problem. If not, I would be honest and say so. No use fixing something that isn't broke.

When I was at Westfield, back in '69, I went to a summer camp called Frontier Lodge. It was a swell place, but when it was time to go back to Westfield a lot of us didn't want to leave. Frontier Lodge was and still is a fond memory. There were so many things to do and places to explore. If it still exists I would definitely recommend parents to send their children there for the summer holidays. If it still exists and I find out I will pass the information on through the story I am currently writing.

When I first started school it was called Our Lady of Fatima. Well, me being as young as I was then, when relatives, friends, or even strangers would ask me, "Hey young fella, and what school do you go to?" I said, "Our Ma," because I couldn't pronounce Fatima, but I tried. Never could get it until I was about eight or nine.

That reminds me, I had a time with the word potato, too. I used to pronounce it palato.

Yeh, growing up in foster homes, juvenile instructions and detention centres can and does take a toll on one's childhood. I thank the Great Spirit for his guidance in my life time.

I would like to share my story of the last time I ran away. It was with another fella. We managed to make it to Vancouver, B.C. At first we would sleep in old cars and houses that were abandoned. We got to know when people would put their milk bottles with the

money in them out for the milkman. We would be up with daylight coming for a new day. We would sneak into the apartment buildings and at first and a few times later we almost got caught, then grab the change. Yep, when that happened, either he or I would run as fast as our little legs could carry us. Whew - that was hard work what with our hearts beating a million miles an hour and our breathing being all ragged.

Then came the day when he asked me if I was getting lonesome for home yet. Me - I just looked at him. "Are ya kidding?" He says, "no." so I says, "You wanna go back?" He says, "Yup." So I says, "I'll make ya a deal." Even though I knew it was going to be lonely not having anyone around to talk to, we went to a pay phone and called the police for him. Me, I shook hands with him and told him to take care of himself. I went and found a spot to hide where I could see the phone booth where he waited. Sure enough, the police came to get him. They were there for a while, probably asking him a million questions as to my whereabouts.

I watched until intuition kicked in and told me to scatter while the scattering was good, but at the same time my curiosity got the best of me so instead I kept a fair distance from my hiding spot but I could still see the phone booth. Yep, wouldn't you know it, my friend told the police where I was hiding, only I wasn't there any more. When I think about it I gotta smile. This was the beginning of my street survival.

After he left I wandered through some nice quiet back alleys with a lot of fine gardens, wild raspberries, saskatoons, plums and finally came across an old man making a home made sidewalk. Me, being hungry, I asked him if he could use a helping hand. He says, "Sure, sonny, could you pass me that bucket of water?" I says, "Yes sir."

We continued working until it was done. By this time he tells me his son, Jim, will soon be home from work. He looks at me and says, "Are you hungry?" Me, being shy, I says, "If you can spare a little bite, I will sure be thankful."

He says, "Would you like to stay for supper?" I says that would be very nice. As it went his son would be home in a little while and he said we might as well have a sandwich while supper was cooking.

To be continued
By Harvey Laderoute

The Butterfly

are held in the National Jewish Museum

Butterfly

I have lived so long in the icy grasp of fear, and shame

Hidden the fragility of my soul deep within

And now, as the ice thaws, I realize that there is a whole 'world beyond my walls',

Where there is no pain and fear. Where hope is a living thing that beats its wings, and fills peoples hearts with joy.

The horrors of yesterday can slowly be turned for good, and not a crushing entity set out to drain the very life force from my beating chest.

So like a butterfly, slowly emerging from its cocoon, I learn to beat my wings, ever so slowly. I am not used to yet the taste of freedom, but the day is coming, when I will soar in the wind. . . A butterfly cannot live in captivity.

Angelique Branston

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone...

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.
Pavel Friedmann 4.6.1942

Pavel died in Auschwitz in September,
1944. This as well as other poems from him

For Red Pup With Love

"That red dog is back again," dad said in exasperation. "I've chased him out the gate ten times and he always comes back."

"He probably has no where to go," Mom said as she stoked the wood stove with a metal poker. Mom was very soft-hearted and wouldn't harm a fly. She would carry spiders out of the house on bits of cardboard and set them free.

Dad had come in from the field for what he called his "second breakfast." Mom mixed up hotcake batter and fried him up a huge stack of hotcakes cooked in pure pig lard. Dad loved his hotcakes slathered thickly with butter and covered in Roger's Golden Syrup which came in a big tin. Dad didn't want the big stray dog hanging around because he had a very bad habit of swinging on the cow's tails when he chased them. This not only terrified the cattle but he often made the cow's tails bleed.

I opened the door and looked out. Sure enough, there was the red dog skulking slowly toward the house as he eyed the open door suspiciously. He was a big dog with long red fur that looked sort of wavy. His eyes were a disarming golden brown as he stared at me questioningly. I threw a hotcake high into the air and he leapt with the precision of a dancer and caught it in mid air. Buster, our black and white cattle dog, stared grimly at the red dog. I could almost read his thoughts for here was competition at its worst. Red Pup, as Mom called him, watched from afar as Dad left the house and got on the tractor to return to the field. The instant Dad was gone, Red Pup seemed to come to life, his tail wagging and his tongue lolling out. He ran to the door and scratched hopefully and Mom came out with a large plate of hotcakes. She gave Buster some, then called Red Pup to follow her and she fed him behind the house. I knew then and there that Red Pup had found a home with us.

Red Pup and Dad became good friends and he would follow the tractor around the field looking for mice. He learned to be a pretty good cattle dog, and he was especially good at guarding the hay. Dad would drive in with a full load of sweet clover hay, and Red Pup would take up his position under the hay rack. Not one mouthful was ever stolen by the cattle when Red Pup was on guard. One time, Red Pup's special guarding techniques got him in a bit of trouble. Our old tractor broke down and dad was unable to fix it himself as he usually did so he left it at the garage. Red Pup would not let that mechanic anywhere near his tractor. With teeth bared and menacing growls he successfully kept that mechanic at bay until Dad came to take him home. Another time Dad was in the local garage and Red Pup went in right beside him. Dad was buying a pouch of Daily Mail tobacco, when Red Pup looked into the glass display case that had a mirrored back. He took one look at that huge red dog in the mirror and lunged, breaking the glass and scattering tobacco everywhere.

Red Pup had a special fondness for Mom and he would lay his big red head in her lap for a pat every chance he got. When the fish-man came Mom would buy five big whitefish for a dollar. Mom would clean the fish and chop off their heads at the pump stand in the yard where we got our water. Red Pup would catch those fish heads and swallow them down as fast as he could. Dogs didn't eat dog food in those days, in fact I had never heard of it. The dogs would eat table scraps, lots of milk from the cows, and mice when they could find them. Dogs seemed to live a lot longer than they do nowadays. I think that Red Pup probably knew the gnawing pangs of hunger before he came to live with us because he would sneak and

steal food whenever he could. I remember my mother made two round pans of cake to make a layer cake for Linda's birthday. Mysteriously, the cake pans and cake totally disappeared. Months later we found the pans in the woods and we figured out what must have happened. For awhile Red Pup decided to help himself to the eggs in the henhouse but Mom soon outsmarted him. She blew the contents partially out of some eggs and filled the eggs with pepper. That was the end of his egg-sucking days.

My sister and I played outside all day, running through the woods and making up imaginary people and dreaming up exciting adventures. Red Pup always came with us on these adventures and often he was given a role of his own. One spring day, my sister, who always had an adventurous heart, decided to make a raft to navigate across the flooded slough. I helped her tie boards to two old round washtubs and we carried these out to the slough. We used a long pole to move ourselves slowly out from shore. I called for Red Pup to join us but he gave me a look akin to utter disgust. He would have none of perching on a precarious watercraft adrift in icy water. Old Red was right! The wash tubs tipped and we began taking on water and started to sink slowly to the bot-

tom. Linda and I slid slowly into the icy water as Red Pup watched from shore with a superior stare. We ran the half mile home as fast as we could but our pants began to ice up and our rubber boots made angry red chaffed rings on our legs.

I wish I could go back to that time before computers and video games, when children actually used their imaginations and knew how to play. It was a slower, gentler time when adults were not continuously connected to cell phones and computers, and they were not afraid to be alone with their thoughts.

When Red Pup was very old he began to slow down a little although his happy disposition never dimmed. One day Mom found him digging a hole behind the barn and she, being quite superstitious, became concerned. "I think he's digging his own grave," Mom worried. The next day, Red Pup was nowhere to be found. Mom found him lying peacefully in the shallow grave that he had dug for himself.

I know I will see Red Pup again when my journey on this earth is through. He will come bounding to greet me and welcome me home to heaven, his gentle brown eyes alight with love.

By Sharon Austin

An Epidemic - First Nations Alcohol Addictions and Substances in the Calgary Core



The Core on an everyday basis can sometimes be troubling as I feel helpless at seeing a First Nations man or woman, to whom I could relate to in what she or he is going through at their moment of despair as they give up on living in the situation they are now in. In my past life I was there myself, passed out, with death nearby in a dingy smoke filled Eastend bar room chair! I have found myself up against the wall lying in rotten take-out food, vomit urine and stale alcohol or out in the parking lot. I think a lot of these youth and young adults are from surrounding reservations and have been raised there. This generation I'm writing about are affected by the now inter-generational trauma that has always been there. But it has just been recently been discovered by the federal and provincial governments. A big part of this research is since, "The Apology to the Residential School Era!" A year ago, on June 11, 2012 Prime Minister Stephen Harper made the apology on behalf of the government of Canada to the Indian Residential School Survivors. June 11 this year is a "National Day of Reconciliation" day. Many of my people are in deplorable and helpless ruins and are being found on the streets, in numbers, inebriated, under the influences of alcohol and substances, and I am seeing the downtown streets littered with mouth wash, hairspray and rub-

bing alcohol containers lying beside them. I just wasn't able to write about anything else other than this story idea playing on my heart strings! This epidemic has somehow affected me in my everyday life in the core. A high percentage of mainstream and diverse cultures that pass me do come to mind. I do get one of several offensive attitudes and behaviours, for example, a scornful look staring me down and a fearful intentional look to try and get my attention. These stereo-types don't need to get my attention to see if I'm under the influence of alcohol or substances. I'm out in the core a whole lot so I am vulnerable to these kinds of barriers and social stigmas, in being a First Nations Woman. Some people have the nerve to ask if, and assume that I'm homeless. Some are intimidated and envious. My strong presence and first impression can be misunderstood with the social stigma and barriers. Just seeing the body language tells me that some are afraid to even have small talk, getting a misconception of aggression, when I'm only expressing where my boundaries are and being assertive. There are other kinds of negative talk when I hear the ignorance and attitudes that that First Nations people are vagrant and they get everything free. I know that one reason why we are seen this way is because we are more visible and over-represented than other cultures, who are on the street. We are viewed as mainly homeless and under the influence of alcohol addictions and substance abuse. We are thrown into that melting pot for whatever goes on, such as the social disorder going on in the core on a daytime and evening basis. When someone from another culture asks me, out of ignorance, "Why are these Natives drunk and homeless all the time, turning tricks and on the street? Why don't the Natives work like the rest of us do?" Just that statement alone is a racist and a sexist comment! When trying to explain the questions asked, it's hard to believe the degree of misunderstanding, misconception, ignorance and racism that is appalling to hear on an ongoing day to day basis. I get this racist attitude from all ages of the diverse mainstream

Continued on page 15



The Neighbour Centre

The Neighbour Centre, located at 7221-104 Street, provides services to underemployed, unemployed and homeless men, women and families. The Centre has been open Monday through Thursday from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and every evening for Winter Emergency Warming. The hours will be changing May 1, 2013 to Monday, Wednesday, Fridays 1 p.m. – 4 p.m. and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturdays 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. The centre provides laundry facilities, washrooms, coffee, light snacks and computer access to those in need.

The centre has approximately 1000 visits per month, evidence of the need for such services in the Edmonton area, particularly the South side.

The centre is in a "strategic partnership for basic health care and housing connections," according to Pam Reichenbach, Vice Chair of the Edmonton Do Likewise Society (EDLS) and Community Liaison Director.

EDLS is in partnership with other similar organisations around town who provide services to those impacted by poverty and homelessness. All of which have been strong supporters.

"Our mission is for neighbours to help neighbours," to provide "a place for neighbours to connect and be supported and enjoy each other's company," said Reichenbach.

Reichenbach describes the centre as an "idea whose time has come," noting there are few services on the South side for those in need. Most of the clients stay on the south side, and do not access services in other

areas of the city.

"Despite the fact that we do not have our own housing program we have found housing for five neighbours through partnerships with other agencies and assisted several others in getting into detox. Also, several people have received help accessing ID.

"The Neighbour Centre has been a very positive, welcoming space for those who access our services. Several neighbours have described it as a safe and encouraging space for those within our community," Reichenbach stated.

The centre provides a place for people to learn about each other and overcome stigma "as we bump up against each other," notes Reichenbach.

During the winter months, the Centre is open Sunday through Monday from 6 to 9:30 p.m., and the Boyle Street Winter Emergency Van provides transportation to shelters after closing.

EDLS is a charitable, not for profit organization founded in 2009, and is supported by several south side churches and businesses, "from Ellerslie to the south side of the river."

To donate to the centre, cheques or money orders may be mailed to Edmonton Do Likewise Society, 8318-104 Street NW, Edmonton, AB T6E 4E8, or online at CanadaHelps.org.

To volunteer or sign up for the newsletter, go to www.dolikewisesociety.org.

By Karen Peterson

fare rates in Alberta are lower than the rest of Canada," Sigurdson explained.

"Alberta is not only facing a problem of economic inequality," Sigurdson told the audience at the meeting presented by Occupy Edmonton on April 7. "We have a problem of social inequality too. To earn an income Albertans work more hours than other Canadians, so there is less time for family and community, or for leisure that is important for health. Research tells us Albertans have almost the lowest sense of belonging to a community of any Canadians."

Bower rejected the claims of those who say Alberta needs to control spending to solve the economic inequality. "What needs to be reformed is the revenue side of things," she claimed. "We have become a province of haves and have-nots." Alberta is the only province that uses a flat tax for personal income for example. To demonstrate how unnecessarily low the Alberta tax rates are Bower said, "If Alberta used the tax rates of the next lowest province in Canada we would collect \$11 billion more a year." In the US the combined federal and state corporate tax on profits is 39 percent while in Alberta it is 25 percent.

The unfairness of a flat tax was highlighted with Bower inviting people to compare two people. One earns \$10 and pays \$1 in tax, so has \$9 left for spending; the other earns \$180 and pays \$18 in tax, so has \$162 left for personal spending. "This comparison reflects the difference between the lowest 90 percent of Albertans and the richest 10 percent."

Taft presented detailed graphs to show that in Alberta spending on key areas such as health and education has barely changed since 1989 when adjusted for inflation and population growth. His concern is that if spending on public services has not increased much and saving has not increased-- the Heritage Trust Fund having less/person in it now than in 1989-- then we need to look elsewhere to find where the money is.

"Corporate profits have grown tremendously, from \$4000/person in 1989 to \$16,000/person in 2008. The money that is not being paid in fair taxes is going to the bottom line of corporations." Both Taft and Bower said there is evidence much of this massive amount of money then leaves Alberta to other parts of the world where the head offices of large corporations, especially energy companies, are located.

It was pointed out a two percent increase in corporate tax rates would generate \$840 million more for the government, and the rates would still be lower than other provinces. Royalty rates for the sale of oil, gas, and bitumen are also very low compared to other parts of the world. "Peter Lougheed, when premier, called for a royalty rate of 35 percent but today it is only 10 percent," Bower stated.

People attending the meeting agreed too few Albertans realize either how low taxes in Alberta are, nor what the consequences of this situation are. Yet good information is readily available. Taft's most recent book, *Follow the Money*, offers much more detail both about the truth about government spending not being out of control and about who is actually making the most money in Alberta. Recent reports available at the Parkland Institute website (www.parklandinstitute.ca) include "Stabilizing Alberta's Revenues" and "A social policy framework for Alberta" are detailed sources of information as well. Public Interest Alberta (www.pialberta.org) has also done good research on these issues.

The posters advertising the forum had a crowd of outraged citizens carrying a banner stating "We Demand Fair Taxes NOW," and few who listened to the information from Taft, Sigurdson and Bower did not leave convinced it is time to proclaim exactly that.

Jim Gurnett

Alberta taxes unfair, results hurt poor

The notices for the meeting proclaimed, "If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention." After listening to detailed presentations from Kevin Taft, Lori Sigurdson, and Shannon Stunden Bower about how taxes are collected-- and not collected-- in Alberta it was difficult not to agree.

Taft, a former Liberal MLA and author of several books, set the stage by asking, "If we're so darn rich in Alberta, why is the government always telling us we need more restraint? Where's the money going?"

Bower, a researcher with Parkland Institute, suggested the term "truthiness", meaning things that seem true at first glance, but don't hold up once examined, and "fairness", meaning concepts that seem fair at first look but are not actually so when studied more carefully, are important to consider in relation to tax fairness.

Sigurdson, from the Alberta College of Social Workers, urged people to understand everyone loses out when a society becomes increasingly inequitable, as is happening in

Research tells us Albertans have almost the lowest sense of belonging to a community of any Canadians

Alberta. She said the poorest half of Albertans receive 13 percent of all income while the richest 50 percent receive 87 percent. And at the extremes it is even more shocking, with the poorest 10 percent receiving only 1.7 percent of all income while the richest ten percent grab 28 percent of it. Bower agreed with her, saying, "Alberta is the most unequal province in Canada and this inequality is accelerating."

The situation in Alberta is clear when noted the top one percent of Albertans have average incomes of \$672,000 while for the rest of Canada the average of the richest one percent is \$422,000. "At the same time, wel-

The Leprechaun Show



As I perform eventually I'll pull out my character named Shiny Sean the Leprechaun, who is always wishing he can go fishing, for a quick smile from my audiences. But that's another story I work on occasionally. There is a lot of positive Karma through philosophy and this is some of the material I recite. "The Dreamer: Happy are those who dream dreams and are willing to work to make their dreams come true. Author anonymous. The Winner's Creed: If you think your beaten, you are. If you think you dare not, you don't. If you would like to win, but think you can't. It's almost a cinch you won't. If you think you'll lose, you've lost. For out in this world you'll find success begins with a Woman's or Fellow's will. It's all in his or her state of mind."

Author Anonymous These two poems are for teenagers and adults in amongst my balloon shaping. Over the years I have learned from balloon magic and fellow entertainers to reshape over 50 different balloons and some can be seen in my website under the link Balloon Magic www.mydwarfsworld.ca Have a nice day everyone and best wishes.

Sincerely: Rory Gaudon

International Network of Street Papers conference to be held in Munich Germany July, 2013



The last weekend of July, 2013 the annual International Network of Street Papers conference will be held in Germany. The last time a representative from Alberta Street News was able to attend one of these world conferences was in the year 2004, when the ISNP was held in Montréal, Canada and Britany White attended. I have applied and been accepted as the representative for Alberta Street News for the conference this year. The conference fees have been covered.

It would be the trip of a lifetime for me, because not only would it be attending the ISNP, but the country it is being held in is a country that I have dreamt of going to since I was a little girl. I would be proud to talk with people from many nations about the Alberta Street News paper, and the challenges the vendors (of which I am one) face on a day to day basis. Also, to walk on the very soil

where the night of broken glass took place, to stand in the city where the great wall was built that tore families apart, to go to the memorials of Dachau and Auschwitz, to go to the museums set up to honour the millions of people who died and suffered through the holocaust. I plan to go a few days earlier to the conference, and take in some of these sites as well.

I am asking for sponsors to help me go to Germany, to the conference, and to these memorials, by donating air miles or financially. It would be greatly appreciated. Anything that one would care to donate can be sent to the Edmonton Street News Society, 9533-106A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T5H 0S9. Phone Linda Dumont at 780-428-0805.

Thank-you for your consideration.

Sincerely, Angelique Branstion

Meals & Food Resources in Calgary

Drop-In Centre 1, 4th Avenue SE

All clients of The DI may access meal services. Meals and snacks are provided at no charge to anyone in need. Food service is offered on the 2nd Floor daily, 365 days a year. Clients who are unable to attend regular meal service due to work or school commitments, or other verifiable appointments can receive a bagged lunch. Bagged lunches can be arranged by request to any staff person, or through the Day Office located on the 2nd Floor. Meal Schedules
Breakfast - 7:00 a.m.
Snack - 9:30 a.m.
Lunch - 12:00 p.m.
Snack-3:30 p.m.
Dinner- 6:00 p.m.

Center of Hope 420_9th Avenue SE

Free for clients
Open to public for small charge
Breakfast: \$2.50
Lunch: \$3.00
Dinner: \$4.50

Emergency Meals (24 & Under)

EXIT Community Outreach
117-7th Avenue SW, Calgary
403-262-9953
Sunday 1 :00 pm -5:00p.m.

Emergency Meals - Youth EXIT Youth Shelter

11216 Ave NE, Calgary
7 days/week - 4:00 pm - 9:00 p.m.

Community Supports

Streetlight - Youth for Christ
Parks at 10th ave & 1 st Street SE
Monday & Thursday

Emergency Meals

Alex Community Health Centre
Unit 101,1318 Centre Street NE
403-266-2622
Thursdays Only -10:30 a.m.
Food Bank
Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank
403-253-2055

Food Hamper

NeighbourLink Calgary
403-209-1930

Food Bank

Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank
403-253-2059

Food Bank

Calgary Poppy Fund and Veterans
Food Bank
Monday - Friday 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

Food Bank

Muslim Families Network Society: Halal Food
403-466-6367
www.MuslimFamiliesNetwork.com

Food Hamper

St. Edmund's Anglican Church
8336-34th Ave NW
Monday & Thursday
09:00 am - 12:00 Noon

Community Meals

Inn from the Cold
403-263-8384

Emergency Food

CUPS (Calgary Urban Project Society)
128-7th Avenue SE

Food Hamper & Meals

Feed the Hungry, St. Mary's Cathedral
Sunday Dinner
3:30 pm - 5:00 p.m.

Meals on the street outside City Hall

Calgary Street Church
Monday - 6:00pm,
Wednesday 11:00a.m.
Friday - 6:00pm Sunday, 1:00 p.m.

Street Newspaper conferences keep us connected

As street newspapers, we work in isolation, but we share common goals, whether it is the paper sold in St. Petersburg in Russia, in South Africa, the Big Issue in London or Alberta Street News. At conferences representatives have the opportunity to connect with others, to share strategies and bring back new ideas. Over the past 20 years in my work with street newspapers, first with Spare Change, then Our voice, and then Alberta Street News, I have attended a number of North American Street Newspaper (NASNA) conferences in cities across the United States and Canada, but have not yet attended an international conference although Alberta Street News is a member paper of both NASNA and INSP. For some of the conferences, I paid my own way, other times I was funded to go, once because I was a conference presenter, for another conference because I got a scholarship from the Muttart Foundation, and for the 2010 conference, I received donations and a friend and colleague bought my ticket with air miles.

The last conference where we had representation was at the 2011 NASNA conference in Nashville, Tennessee, when Andie W.L., a vendor from Calgary, took a bus to the conference. We did receive the scholarship for her conference fees including food and lodging while there, some donation money and paid for her passport.

Because our paper does not have a budget to cover conference expenses to send someone, whomever decides to go has to explore their own funding options. Scholarships usually cover the cost of conference fees, but air fare is expensive.

Linda Dumont

An Epidemic

continued from page 12

cultures. After explaining why the Natives are on alcohol and addicted to alcohol and substances, I begin talking about the residential schools. The most contemporary comments I get are, "It's not my fault. I wasn't born yet." or the aging population say racist comments like "The Aborigines are addicted to alcohol and substance abuse and the women and men sell their bodies on the street and that is why they are homeless today!" My philosophy and a solution is if we must somehow educate our Aboriginal street homeless and rough sleepers by going to the agencies that they frequent to talk about the history of the inter-generational trauma. We need to support and help the youth and young adults, who show an interest and are willing to listen, when they are sitting at the table having their basic need for food met and are waiting for the day to happen for them. How can a group of Aboriginal people be concerned enough to do something like this? Maybe the groups from "The Idle No More Movement" can get this idea moving into the right direction? I know today we are losing lives to this hidden epidemic of alcohol addictions and substance abuse. At the street level, our people have been suffering for too long now and too many are living on the street. It's happening now but it doesn't have to be this way. I would predict in the next five to ten years we are going to find numbers of our people deceased in cold weather, frozen to death, in the minus 20's and 30's Celsius. Before a group of Aborigines or any other group gets concerned enough to even get the frontline Aboriginal Outreach Workers to call out to a Community meeting, there has to be an alert, an emergency beginning somewhere here in the core of Calgary. I'm hoping that my Philosophy- Solution is credited with my name and that no-one else or any other group says it was their intervention model, when it was my invention as a social strategy on Aboriginal alcohol addictions and substance abuse. I want to end this story by saying, that on the Tuesday, June 11, 2013 on the 11th hour I would like to see and I will join, if we can, a small group of people who can make their banners to

march in solidarity. We need to start the process by getting the messages out on the issues of today for our First Nations, street homeless and rough sleepers in the core of Calgary, surviving the alcohol addictions and substance abuse. I leave you, with this Quote: by Black Elk Speaks: Being a story of a Holy Man of The Oglala Sioux. This Quote was written in the Volume 8 issue 9, 2011. "The time has come again to send this! There is a "Crisis, an Epidemic in my own eyes, to somehow reach our people before they are found on the street and near death and deceased. You have noticed that the truth comes into the this world with two faces. One is sad with suffering; And the other laughs; But it is the same face ; Laughing or Weeping; When my people are already in despair; Maybe the laughing face is better for them; And when they feel too good and are too sure of being safe; Maybe the weeping face is better for them to see."

Andie W. L.

POETRY BY RYAN ROBERTSON

The snow flies
On a cool
March day...
We are inside
Sheltered
From the storm.....
Outside
The unfortunate
Huddle along
The street
And live with
The thought
That all
The shelters
Will be full tonight.
It is a world
Of uncertainty still---
It doesn't seem fair---
But hope
Remains prevalent
And sometimes
That's all there is.....

Edmonton Community Groups that serve meals

Bissell Centre
10527-96 Street 780-423-2285
Inner City Pastoral Ministry
10527 - 96 Street
Lunch (sandwiches, fruit, veggies and desserts) Sunday noon to 1 p.m. after the church service.
Monday to Thursday
10:30 a.m. - sandwiches
Tuesday and Friday
noon - hot lunch for women
Friday 9:45 a.m. - sandwiches

Christ Church 12116-102 Avenue
780-488-1118
3rd Saturday of the month 5:30 meal
39-95 Street
Daily -5:00 p.m. snacks 8:00 p.m. meal

Lighthouse Ministries
3010-119 Avenue 780-423-1277 or
780-474-8086
Wednesday and Sunday 1:00 and 7:00 p.m. meal

Hope Mission 780-422-2018
Daily 7:00 to 7:45 a.m. -breakfast
Noon - lunch 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. - supper

All Saints' Anglican Cathedral
10035 - 103 Street 780-428-6323
Thursday 12:45 p.m., Lunch
Friday 7:30 - 9:30 a.m.,
Breakfast (November to March)

Marian Centre
10528-98 Street

780-424-3544
Daily except Wednesday
12:00 to 12:45 p.m. meal
Closed from the 27th of each
month to re-open the 1st of next month

The Mustard Seed
10636-96 Street 780-426-5600
Monday to Friday 7:00 to 8:00 supper
Zero tolerance of alcohol

Operation Friendship
9526-106 Avenue 780-429-2626
Monday to Friday 9:00 a.m. breakfast
Monday to Sunday 12:00 noon lunch 5:00 p.m. supper for seniors 55 and over only

Red Road Healing Society
4225-118 Avenue 471-3220
Tuesday and Thursday 5:00 p.m. meal
Friday - 12:00 to 1:00 soup and bannock

Robertson Wesley United Church
10209 - 123 Street 780-482-1587
Second Saturday of each month 5:00 p.m. meal

Sai Sadam
9619-101 Avenue upstairs
Wednesday - 6:00 p.m. meal

Salvation Army
9620-101A Avenue 780-442-9222
7:00 to 9:00 p.m. - lunch
Monday and Friday 83 Avenue -104 Street (parking lot)

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
9606 - 110 Avenue 780-426-1122
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday
7:00 to 9:00 a.m. breakfast

St. Faith's Anglican
11725-93 Street - parish hall 780-477-5931
Thursday - 12:30 p.m. soup
Saturday - 8:30 to 10:00 a.m. breakfast
3rd Friday of the month - 7:00 supper

Victory Café and Soup Bar
13411- Fort Road
Monday - 5:30 to 6:45 meal

Edmonton Orthodox Reformed Church
11610 - 95A St.
Info: Pete Wright - 479-1860 www.orcure.org
Thursdays 6:15 Soup & Study

B's Diner
100 Street and Whyte Avenue
Wednesdays 1 to 3 p.m. meals

Jasper Place Health and Wellness Centre
15210-Stoney Plain Road meals
Tuesdays 6 to 7 p.m.

Please call Alberta Street News if you want your group added to this list or if there have been changes that should be made to this list.
Call Linda at 780 428-0865
or email dumontlc@hotmail.com

THEIR STORY

A Feature on Edmonton Street News Vendors



Peter Gladue

Peer Gladue was born in Frog Lake in 1978, a member of the Frog Lake First Nation, a Cree.

He says that living on the reserve was pretty quiet. They passed their time picking bottles on the highway, taking them into the bottle depot in town. He doesn't remember going to school on the reserve. He held work at different times over the years. He liked best working at the bottle depots on the west end of Edmonton, counting the empties and sorting them out and putting them in the different containers.

He is an artist, and enjoyed drawing. He says all his artwork was stolen the last time he was at the Boyle Street Co-op. He left his bag inside while he went off site to have a smoke and it was gone when he got back.

He's living right now in a church, and shares it with some of his street brothers. His normal day consists of waking up, doing a bottle picking run and cashing them in to



Sharol Penner

1960 - 2013

Funeral services for Sharol Penner were held at First Nations Alliance Church on April 18th. She is survived by her five daughters: Deanna, Kristy (Rowan), Alice, Tessa (Logan), and Hope; her grandchildren: Celeste, Madison, Joseph, Elijah, Mercy, Savanna and Natalia; her parents: Doreen, Jerry and Donna; her siblings Hank, Sandra, (Mike), Clem (Jennifer), Josephine (Delbert), Geraldine and Sheila (Art) and numerous nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles and cousins.

Sharol was a board member for Edmonton Street News Society for seven years, and on the board of the House of Refuge Mission for three years. She was involved in street ministry for more than 20 years, ministering, singing and playing her guitar. Her late uncle Popeye was one of the first Edmonton Street News vendors.

Capture the Spirit of Golf

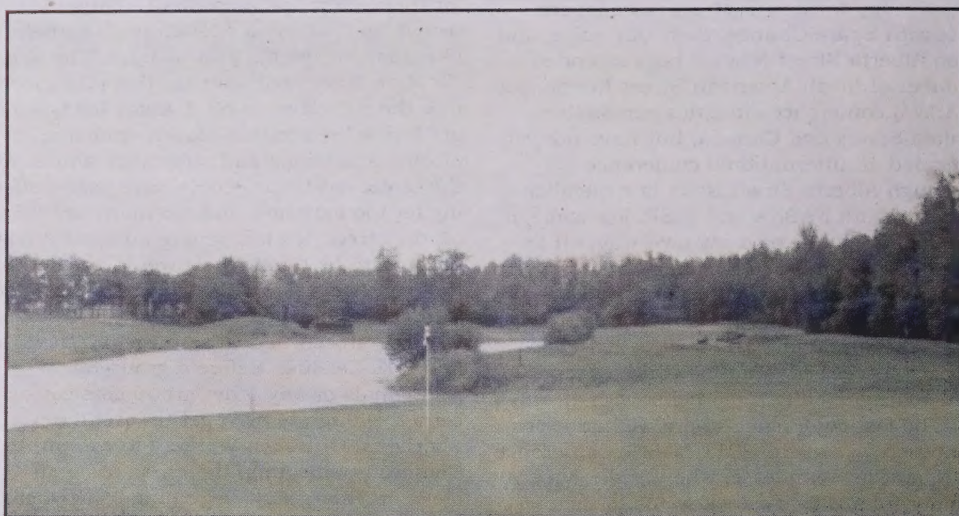
Tee times

780-470-4653 (golf)



- Weekday Special
2 players and a power cart
for \$99 Monday to Thursday
excluding holidays

-Seniors Weekday Special
w/cart is \$65
Monday to Thursday
excluding holidays



ONLY MINUTES FROM WEST EDMONTON MALL
18 Holes of championship golf for all levels

get him and his wife something to eat. Then they hit the bins again to get more bottles for their evening meal. After sometimes joining others in a warming van run by the Boyle Street Co-op he heads back to his church for the night to relax.

He's been selling Alberta Street News for four years, and likes it because it gives him a chance to get out and meet people and make a bit of extra money. It's his life, he says, living on the street, and it's all he knows and is used to. He likes it. It gives him a chance to move around and socialize. He's had a range of camps over the years and has slept in tents and cars and out in the open. He's used to the life, and they bottle pick and survive whether or not it is -30 or +20.

People, he says, respect him. He has

never been chased from a camp or bullied by police. The closest he's come to tragedy is when his trailer on the reserve was lit on fire by partying cousins while he was in it and he had to smash out the window and jump.

He has applied for a housing program through the Co-op, and is hoping that he and his wife will get a place. His mom is still alive and lives in Vegreville. He might go visit her soon. He doesn't think at all about going back to the reserve. He says there is nothing there for him.

Peter hopes that everyone enjoys the weather when it finally does turn into spring.

Eric Rice

Passages



Mike Risby

1950 - 2013

Funeral services for Mike Risby were held April 2nd at Sacred Heart Church of the First Peoples. He is survived by his wife,



Vivian, who has been a vendor for over nine years, selling Alberta Street News in front of the Strathcona Farmers' Market Saturdays. He and Vivian were married for nine years.